

EVENING PRAYER.

WHEN the light is fading,
From the western sky
And the calm stars glisten
In the heavens high,
Then good nights are spoken,
Toys are laid away,
And the little children,
Kneeling, softly pray.

Dearest Lord, we thank thee
For thy care to-day;
Make us good and gentle,
Take our faults away;
Bless the friends who love us;
From us evil keep;
Let thy holy angels
Watch us while we sleep

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1891.

THE YOUNG ANGLER.

WILLIE SACKETT was as fond of fishing as 'Simple Simon.' 'Simple Simon' is often laughed at because

"All the fish that he could catch
Were in his mother's pail."

But we have a good deal of sympathy with "Simple Simon." Anyhow, Willie was so fond of fishing that he could kneel by the bank of the pretty stream for hours. Other boys and girls tried his patience a good deal: for when all was quiet and still, and the fish were coming round and round the bait, and beginning to nibble it, the boys and girls of the village would come right up to the river's brink, and sometimes send a stone splashing into the water just by his float, but Willie would wait on patiently till his rough and boisterous companions grew weary of waiting, and his patience would sometimes be rewarded. Whether he caught many fish or few, he would start off at every opportunity with fresh hope and big expectation. He had commenced his fishing experiments with a bent pin and a piece of string, and he was

as enthusiastic and eager in those days as in after years when he fished with a barbed hook.

One day he had been fishing for minnows for his aquarium at home, and had caught several beauties, which were securely placed in the large bottle held by his little brother Jim. His sister had been gathering wild flowers from the river bank. Some of our readers will smile at the rough stick which was used as a fishing-rod, and at the float big enough for a "jack"; but he may "laugh who wins," and Willie felt a jerk such as he had never felt before—one, two, three—and down went the big float. Willie struck and landed a splendid perch, above half a pound in weight, and carried him home in triumph.

The fish of the rivers and seas are given us for food, and if they are caught without needless suffering, men and boys are not blameworthy, if they say, as Simon Peter did, "I go a-fishing." At any rate, Willie Sackett grew up to be a very skillful angler; he was gentle, patient, persevering, and industrious, and was the envy of other boys. Many boys imagine that fishing and other things can be done quite as successfully with clumsiness as with cleverness, but they will find out their mistake some day. Let us hope they will find it out in time.

USEFUL BIRDS.

THERE is a well-authenticated account of an English barber, who trained a starling to say, "Gentleman wants to be shaved," and hung the bird in his outer room to warn him of the coming of customers.

The same bird, the story goes, soon learned to call out, "Gentlemen, pay your money!" when the barber's work was done, and never got the two speeches mixed.

A milliner of Paris has, according to a French journal, put a parrot to a much better use even than this English barber made of his starling. She has trained the bird to call out, when a customer enters her shop:

"Oh, isn't she pretty!"

It is asserted that the milliner's business was very soon doubled.

CHILDHOOD REVISITED.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet

Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet

Are ever those at which our young lips drank,

Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank.

—Whittier.

A MUDDY stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company; but a little later and they mingle.

WHAT THE LITTLE MINUTES SAY

WE are but minutes, little things—
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track:
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain:
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes—When we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while you may;
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

—Sailor's Magazine.

BETTER TO SUFFER THAN LIE.

A LITTLE orphan lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself, and rushed back to his uncle's workshop with all speed.

"What are you running yourself out of breath for?" asked one of the men; "tell your uncle that the people kept you waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie."

"To be sure it would, but what's the odds?"

"I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the boy indignantly. "No, not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me that lying was the first step to ruin, and my Bible says that a liar shall not enter heaven."

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, "Look, oh, look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!" "Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa, "and you can be like the sun if you chose." "How, papa? tell me how." "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."

HOW SOON.

A LITTLE boy six years old, having been very naughty one day, was "put into the corner" by his governess. After a time she said: "Come here. Now what have you been thinking about when you were in the corner?" "About coming out," was the answer. Are not we sometimes like this little boy? Our heavenly Father sends us some punishment, and instead of thinking with sorrow over our fault and how we will try in future to overcome it, we are only thinking, "How soon will this trouble be over?"